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M^R HARLEY AS BILLY BOMBAST.

PUBLISHED SEP^R 1, 1828. BY JOHN CUMBERLAND. 19 LUDGATE HILL.

THE
DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE;

A MUSICAL FARCE,

In Two Acts.

By GEORGE DANIEL,

AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR BOLUS," &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
EXITS AND ENTRANCES,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-
FORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS,

As Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

EMBELLISHED WITH

A PORTRAIT OF MR. J. P. HARLEY,

IN THE CHARACTER OF BILLY BOMBAST;

Engraved on Steel by Mr. WOOLNOTH, from a Drawing made expressly
for this Work, by Mr. WAGEMAN.

LONDON :

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE-HILL.

1826.

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REMARKS.

FARCE is that sort of "*ad libitum*" writing, to which no precise bounds have as yet been assigned. The question is, not how far an author may go by any dramatic rule, but how far the humour and temper of the audience will let him; and so capricious and uncertain is the public taste, that we have heard an audience loudly and vociferously applaud *The Castle* of one thing; and *The Siege* of another; who, a few nights before, hissed Congreve's "*Love for Love*," and Sir John Vanbrugh's "*Confederacy*."

At the head of English Farce writers,

"O'Keefe appears—gay Humour's fav'rite son,
A rare compound of oddity and fun!
His well-wrought scenes, his quaint amusing style,
And wit grotesque, would make a Stoic smile.
Ye, who have laugh'd when *Lingo* trod the stage,
Before this dull and sentimental age;
Be grateful for the merriment he gave,
And smooth his cheerless passage to the grave!"*

What author ever carried Farce to greater lengths than O'Keefe, and, at the same time, succeeded so admirably? He is the very genius of the grotesque, who has bequeathed to the stage a rich legacy of fun and comicality, that entitles him to the lasting gratitude of every admirer of the drama. That such a man should have endured privation in a season of age and infirmity, is deeply to be lamented; it is, however, a gratifying reflection, that his forlorn situation should have awakened the munificence of the Sovereign of these realms, who, with that fine feeling which stamps an additional value on a favour conferred, appointed a high dignitary of the church to be his almoner. The Bishop of Chichester was the bearer of the royal bounty; and we can easily conceive what were the feelings of that amiable

* "*The Modern Dunciad*."

prelate when he entered the abode of genius, and (shame to the age!) of blindness and destitution.

“Total eclipse! no sun, no moon—
All dark beneath the blaze of noon!”

The record of such an act is of itself an epitaph.

Deeds such as these shall bring him true renown,
And prove the richest jewel in his crown;
Shall shed around his throne sublimer rays,
And dim the brightness of the diamond's blaze!

It was said by our excellent friend, Doctor Johnson, “that a man who would make a *pun*, would pick a pocket!” Were this extraordinary declaration to be generally received, and acted upon, the very merriest portion of his majesty's subjects would be banished from honest society, and your dull heavy fellows (for be it known that your revilers of puns are those only who cannot make them) would be reduced to the wretched alternative of losing either their money, or their mirth. We are, however, inclined to believe that this was a portion of the “*law talk*,” that our great moralist, by his own confession, sometimes indulged in; and we are confirmed in the belief, by a knowledge that there are puns extant for which the worthy Doctor is himself responsible. We all know how highly he was diverted by the quibbling sallies of that inveterate punster, Sam Foote; thereby, to all intents and purposes, aiding, abetting, and encouraging the said Sam in this licentious practice. It is wisely said, that if there were no *receivers*, there would be no *thieves*; and, by the same rule, we may reasonably infer, that if there were no *laughers*, there would be no *punsters*!

We have been led to these remarks, by the numerous puns that occur in “The Disagreeable Surprise,” charitably hoping that they may not operate against the author, with your graver sort of folk, by whom the Doctor's *dictum* would be received as gospel. To play upon any instrument is reckoned an accomplishment; and experience gives us proof that “title, knee, and approbation,” are gained by one half of mankind playing upon the other! Whence, therefore, this mighty objection to a harmless *play upon words*? For the extent of punning “hath this offence, no more.” What a marvellous proper punster was that inimitable master of humour, the Dean of St. Patrick's!

“Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a *pun*!”

Yet we have good reason to believe that the eleven thousand pounds, which he charitably bequeathed towards building an hospital for lunatics, were *honestly* come by. Equally illustrious examples might be adduced in favour of punning ; let us hope then, that a man may sit in company, and hear his neighbour discharge a pun, without instinctively clapping his hands to his pockets, to discover whether he has lost any thing.

The characters in this farce are, a military captain, an intriguing corporal, a retired city knight, and a college beau ; a young lady who prefers a lover in a *red* coat, to one in a *brown* one ; an old lady who prefers a lover in *any* coat, to no lover at all ; and, what, from time immemorial, has been considered an indispensable appendage to a love-plot—a pert abigail. Then we have a talkative inn-keeper and wife, *Paul* and *Penelope Prig*, who are continually ringing the changes of matrimonial felicity : a learned Theban, one *Davy Dumpling*—

“ Whose wit would hardly serve at most,
To guard his nose against a post ;”

and a batch of strolling players, *Peregrine Truncheon*, *Jack Spangle*, and *Billy Bombast*, who, in the words of *Hamlet* to *Horatio*,

“ No revenue have, but their *good spirits*,
To feed and clothe them !”

Such a *Dramatis Personæ*, when fairly put in motion, cannot fail to excite merriment ; and the plot, without laying any particular claim to novelty, is wound up by an incident which, we believe, is new to the Stage, and which is, certainly, both ludicrous and original. As, in the moral world, *good* is said to arise out of *evil* ; so, in the dramatic, *tragic* circumstances are made to produce *comic* results.

The character of *Billy Bombast* belongs to Farce, and consequently to Mr. Harley. His performance was the very perfection of the “ *vis comica* :” it would be impossible to imagine, either in dress, or manner, a more whimsical figure. The peculiarity of his *chapeau bras*, the exquisite *tie* of his cravat, the amplitude of his ruffles, and the “ most admired disorder” of his wig, are characteristically represented in the speaking portrait that illustrates this Farce—“ *I became acquainted with Mr. Peregrine Truncheon !*” exclaims *Billy Bombast*, as he recounts his adventures to *Captain Wing'em*.

—“ *And what came out of this new acquaintance ?*” inquires the *Captain* ; when *Billy*, extending his arms, rising upon his toes, and with that ludicrous *bobbing buoyancy*, which distinguishes Mr. Harley, replies, as if he were just discharged from a pop-gun—“ *I came out, Sir !*”—*Corporal Jeremy* and *Paul Prig* (Knight and Oxberry,) are no more ; a loss, which the stage, in it's most prosperous days, could not but severely feel, but which, in its present decline, seems almost irreparable. Mrs. Edwin as *Maria*, and Miss Kelly as *Flora*, were excellent. The air in the 2nd Act, “ *The knight when he a wooing came,*” was sung by Miss Kelly with such enchanting effect, that it was twice *encored*. It would be unjust to omit Mrs. Harlowe, who did ample justice to Mrs. Dorothy Dunstable : her *deaf* scene, with Mr. Harley, was ludicrous in the extreme.

D—G.

MEMOIR OF MR. J. P. HARLEY.

MR. JOHN PRITT HARLEY is the son of the late Mr. John Harley, who, for many years, was a respectable silk-mercier in St. Martin in the Fields. He was born in the month of February, 1790. Having received a liberal education, he was destined by his father for business; but an early and (fortunately for the drama) an unconquerable predilection for the stage determined him to make it his profession, and, in the year 1807, he renounced the drudgery of trade, and joined the company of the late Mr. Jerrold, at Cranbrook, in Kent, and successively appeared, with great applause, at the Theatres at Southend, Rochester, Stamford, York, Worthing, Brighton, &c. After a few years of provincial probation, he was recommended by Mr. Michael Kelly to Mr. Arnold, the Manager of the English Opera House, by whom he was immediately engaged; and, on the 15th July, 1815, he made his first appearance in London, in the character of *Marcelli*, in the "Devil's Bridge," and of *Peter Fidget*, in the "Boarding House." His success was complete: and so popular did his subsequent performances render him, particularly his *Mingle*, *Leatherhead*, and *Pedrillo*, that the committee of Drury Lane Theatre lost no time in securing, on very liberal terms; the advantage of his talents, and, on the 16th September following, he appeared, for the first time, on the boards of Old Drury, in the character of *Lissardo*, in the "Wonder." Mr. Bannister was at that time one of the chief ornaments of the Theatre; it was, therefore, no inconsiderable achievement for Mr. Harley to establish himself as a first-rate actor, in the very characters, which, in the hands of Bannister, had delighted the public for so many years. The veteran has retired, and Mr. Harley is the only performer that reminds us of the *peculiar manner* of that inimitable comedian.

Mr. Harley is one of the most general comic actors that ever trod the stage: Comedy, Farce, Opera, and (*Silvester Daggerwood*, to wit,) Pantomime; nothing comes

amiss to him. His animal spirits are inexhaustible, and the great Lewis himself was not more mercurial. He is a very Proteus : an Olla Podrida of Mathews, Liston, Fawcett, and Bannister, seizing their most whimsical points, and blending them so comically with his own eccentricity, as to afford a rich treat of fun and drollery. His comic singing and recitation are admirable ; his voice is a counter tenor, which, from his knowledge of music,* and by the help of a very correct ear, he modulates with considerable taste and effect. Among his best performances we rank his *Whimsiculo*, *Phantom*, and *Peeping Tom*.

The very high praise that belongs to Mr. Harley, in his professional character, still falls short of that which is due to him in his domestic relations. As a son and a brother, he is most exemplary ; and a large circle of friends can bear testimony to his honour and integrity as a man. It is the grossest ignorance, to suppose that moral conduct and decency are incompatible with the profession of an actor. To select particular instances for the purpose of casting a stigma on a whole body, is unjust and ridiculous. It would be impossible to name a profession that has not been disgraced by some of its members. Who, then, shall attach that disgrace to the profession which belongs exclusively to the individual ?

“ Honour and Shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, *there* all the merit lies.”

Costume.

SIR MARMADUKE METAPHOR.—Antique dress suit of plum-coloured cloth, stock, lace frill and ruffles, white silk stockings, buckles, tie wig, small three-cornered silk hat, and sword.

SIR TIMOTHY TESTY.—Dress coat of blue cloth, embroidered waistcoat, black silk breeches, white silk stockings, buckles, and brown wig.

CAPTAIN WING'EM.—Dress suit of regimentals.

CORPORAL JEREMY.—Corporal's suit of regimentals, cap ornamented with ribbons as if in the recruiting service.

BILLY BOMBAST.—Orange-coloured coat, faded, with black buttons, very tight, and buttoned up close to the throat, the skirts lined with white silk, ruffles, blue embroidered waistcoat flowered at the bottom, light yellow breeches, blue ribbed cotton stockings, buckles, hair bushy and powdered, *chapeau-bras*, somewhat battered.

PAUL PRIG.—Light coloured suit, buckles, brown wig, white apron.

DAVY DUMPLING.—Buff jerkin, brown waistcoat and breeches.

PEREGRINE TRUNCHEON. } Faded dresses, *ad libitum*, shab-

JACK SPANGLE. } by genteel.

MARIA.—Full dress of white muslin, and head ornamented with white flowers.

MRS. DOROTHY DUNSTABLE.—Antique dress of lavender coloured silk, flowered, head dress high, high-heeled shoes, with rosettes.

FLORA.—Plain white dress.

MRS. PRIG.—Dress of red silk, cap, with ribbons.

Cast of the Characters, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

<i>Sir Marmaduke Metaphor</i>	Mr. Russell.
<i>Sir Timothy Testy</i>	Mr. Hughes.
<i>Captain Wing'em</i>	Mr. Pearman.
<i>Corporal Jeremy</i>	Mr. Knight.
<i>Billy Bombast</i>	Mr. Harley.
<i>Paul Prig</i>	Mr. Oxberry.
<i>Peregrine Truncheon</i>	Mr. Coveney.
<i>Jack Spangle</i>	Mr. Elliott.
<i>Davy Dumpling</i>	Mr. Butler.
<i>Maria</i>	Mrs. Edwin.
<i>Mrs. Dorothy Dunstable</i>	Mrs. Harlowe.
<i>Flora</i>	Miss Kelly.
<i>Mrs. Prig</i>	Mrs. Pearce.

Servants, &c.

SCENE,—*Bath, and its Vicinity.*

TIME,—*Within 12 Hours.*

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

The instant a *Character* appears upon the Stage, the point of *Entrance*, as well as every subsequent change of *Position*, till its *Exit*, is noted, with a fidelity which may, in all cases, be relied on; the object being, to establish this Work as a *Standard Guide to the Stage business*, as now conducted on the London boards.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*. The following view of the Stage with Five Performers in front, will, it is presumed, fully demonstrate the *Relative Positions*.

*** The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.



THE DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Inside of a Country Inn near Bath; different bells ringing; general bustle.*

Enter PAUL PRIG, L.

Prig. Quite a day of rejoicing this;—all the bells are a ringing! What with fat citizens, dandy doctors, strolling players, young ladies who run away from their papas, and young gentlemen who run away from their creditors,—all who prefer hot water at Bath to hot water at home;—I, Paul Prig, lead a pretty bustling life of it. [*Bell rings.*] There goes the bell in the parlour again. [*Voice without.*] And there goes Mrs. P.'s clapper in the bar! [*A voice without cries, "Who waits here?"*] You do, my fine fellow, by your bellowing. Coming, coming.

AIR.—*Prig.*

Who'd lead an innkeeper's life?
Who'd be a horse in a mill?
Who'd ever marry a wife,
That loves to be quiet and still?

Wedlock has comical rigs!
Clappers I've heard, aye, and many ones!—
But pretty Penelope Prig's
Is louder and shriller than any one's. [*Exit, L.*

Enter JEREMY, R.

Jer. Smoking work! Sixteen miles an hour upon the long trot. Chaise knocked over, horses knocked up. Confound this love, say I: it may be pretty sport for a gen-

tleman ; but for us servants, 'tis the very devil ! Whenever I leave the captain, I'll get into some steady married family, where love is entirely out of the question. Why, host ! landlord ! waiter ! Prig !

Enter PRIG, L.

Prig. Coming, your honour, coming.

Jer. Is this the Boar's Head ?

Prig. No, sir ; there's been a sad revolution in affairs : that head is taken off ; and my wife Penelope is the only bore in the house.

Jer. A bad sign, Mr. Prig.

Prig. Damn'd bad ! I found one sign would'nt do, so I determined to have twelve.

Jer. The deuce you did !

Prig. Yes ; the Zodiac, at your service, sir.

Jer. I should have taken you for the landlord of the Bull and Mouth, by your chattering. Can't you stand still a moment ?

Prig. Nothing stands still here, but the clock. I hope you are not in a hurry to set off.

Jer. No ; but I'm in a hurry to set to.

Prig. Then you'll find " the feast of reason and the flow of soul ! "

Jer. Sole ! I don't much care for fish. Give me something substantial.

Prig. Food for body and mind ;—a library and a larder. Bacon in both ! Hervey's Meditations and Harvey's Fish-sauce. [*Bell rings.*] Gad so ! That's the giantess in the first floor.

Jer. The giantess !

Prig. Puts up here, on her way to Bath. Seven feet two ; carries herself extremely high : proud as a peeress !

Jer. So it appears !

Prig. We've a dwarf, not bigger than a quart decanter ! Great attraction ! A fire-eater, a queer spark ; a travelling showman, who prefers my punch to his own, any day in the week ; an alderman, an elephant, a dancing master, and a dancing bear ; a merry Andrew, a sad dog ! a quaker, a quack doctor, a party of strolling players, a member of parliament of no party at all ! An undertaker from Bury-Street, a pastry-cook from Pie Corner, a waddling stock-jobber from Duck-Lane, and a pastoral poet from Hungerford-Market !

Jer. Ha ! ha ! ha ! A motley collection ! But, Mr. Prig,

don't you perceive something very peculiar in my appearance?

Prig. [*Aside.*] Going to pose me in Lavater; but I'm up. Why, to be sure, there's something devilish keen about you.

Jer. You never guessed better in your life. 'Tis my appetite!

Prig. Glad to hear it. What will you say to some partridges?

Jer. Why grace, to be sure! I thought I smelt something good.

Prig. Should'nt wonder; been endeavouring to keep 'em sweet for this month past. [*Bell rings.*] Coming! 'Tis well that hunger is the best sauce; for, egad, he'll get no other to his partridges! [*Exit, L.*]

Jer. A notable adventure! My master, Captain Wing'em, meets Miss Maria Testy at a ball in London, falls desperately in love with her, and takes a wild-goose trip to Bath; where she at present resides with her father, Sir Timothy. If Cupid travels at this rate, the Lord keep me from being one of his out-riders!

Enter CAPTAIN WING'EM, R.

Capt. Here we are, within the last stage of Bath. Come, Jeremy, be stirring;—consider the impatience of love.

Jer. And of hunger, too! If your honour can live upon air, I can't; for it's apt to raise the wind in my stomach.

Capt. Glutton! What the deuce have you to complain of?

Jer. A multitude of things! Since you have been in love, you are no more like the man you were than a squib is like a cannon. I too have had my declensions. Am I not grown as lean as a halbert in your service, a downright transparency? Hav'nt we followed the lady about like her shadow, till we have become nearly shadows ourselves? What hope have we of better fortune at Bath than in London; when, as if to cut off every chance of success, Sir Timothy has added another Argus to his household, in the person of Mrs. Dorothy Dunstable, whom he has placed over his daughter, as a scarecrow, to frighten away the birds from forbidden fruit!

Capt. Love is blind, Jeremy. Suppose you throw dust in her eyes, by paying court to this venerable Maid of Honor——

Jer. Or rather, from her remaining so long single, this

venerable lady in waiting ! Why, sir, you surely forget my old sweetheart Flora, Miss Maria's waiting maid.

Capt. A lucky thought ! You have already a footing in the house.

Jer. Footing indeed ! I was well nigh kicked out of it : —but the game's up. We've had a tiff. Madam took it into her head to be jealous, and gave me a box on the ear.

Capt. That was one way of offering you her hand ! We must think of some new scheme ; so, order the horses, that we may instantly proceed on our journey.

Jer. The horses ! the partridges first, if you please, captain. Ah ! sir, I wish you would think no more of the lady ; she is a sad interruption to our regular meals.

[*Exit, R.*]

Capt. Think no more of her ! Impossible !

AIR.—CAPTAIN WING'EM.

By those cheeks of rosy hue,
By those eyes of heavenly blue,
Coral lips with kisses press'd,
And that gently heaving breast,
By Cupid's bow, and Venus' dove,
While I live, I'll live to love !

Hear my vows address'd to thee,
God of Love, propitious be !
Let me play a borrow'd part,—
Beauty must be won by Art !
Bolts and bars their charge resign,
'Touch'd by that magic wand of thine.

[*Exit, R.*]

Enter BILLY BOMBAST, through a door at the back of the Scene.

Bomb. The dinner's almost dress'd ;

And as my nostrils sniff the savory steam,

Its fragrance whets my appetite ! [*Comes forward,*
Here's a catastrophe ! After an absence of six long months, to meet my old companions of the sock and buskin in this village. "My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray !" My master, Sir Marmaduke Metaphor, expects me to join him at Bath. Prudence says, "follow him ;" but what says Inclination ? "To stroll, to starve !" Down, busy devil, down.—Now for my red-nos'd innkeeper. Hah !

Is that a bell-rope which I see before me ;
The handle tow'ards my hand ? Come, let me pull thee.
[Rings the bell violently.]

Enter PRIG, L.

Prig. Hollo ! gently over the stones. Coming, coming. Gadzooks, how the bells keep going !

Bomb. Go, bid thy mistress, when the dinner's ready,
She strike upon the bell.

Prig. I tell you what, Mr. Bombast, if my wife catches you at that sort of fun, she'll strike with a vengeance ; she's a mortal antipathy to gentlemen of your cloth.

Bomb. What makes the players so much out of her books, Mr. Prig ?

Prig. Out of her books ! They are too much in 'em !

Bomb. Trust me, good host.

Prig. Trust you ! How can you expect to be trusted, when you say at the bottom of your play-bills, *No money to be returned.*

Bomb. Saddle my horses, call my train together.

Degen'rate landlord, I'll not trouble thee !

Prig. What, your waggon-train, I suppose ! and your horses, ha ! ha ! ha ! Why, the devil a saddle have they got to their backs ! It's my opinion, Mr. Bombast, that you want to saddle me.

Enter MRS. PRIG, R.

Mrs. P. And so, Mr. Prig, you stand prating here, and leave me to wait upon the customers : there's Sir Matthew and Lady Marrowfat, and all the young masters and misses Marrowrats, just arrived from Saint Mary Axe.

Bomb. The Marrowfats from St. Mary Axe ! Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Mrs. P. And very good fare too. Fowl, indeed ! You'll get no fowl here, I promise you.

Prig. Penelope, my dear, that's not classical.

Mrs. P. Farcical, Mr. Prig.

Prig. Be pretty behaved ; mind your P's and Q's, Mrs. P——

Mrs. P. Here's impertinence ! Here's assumption ! Are you a man, Mr. Prig ? Are you a man ?

Bomb. Aye, and a bold one, that dare look on that

Which might appal the devil !

But I'll be revenged. I'll quit your house, and go to the Angel that stands opposite.

Prig. You may go to the devil.

Bomb. That also stands opposite. [*Pointing to Mrs. Prig.*] Yes,

Thither in a bark I'll sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, I'll do!

[*Exit, R.*

Mrs. P. Monster of turpentine!

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Prig, R.*

Enter JEREMY, L.

Jer. What an infernal fellow is this prating landlord of the Zodiac! [The partridges not yet forth-coming; how provoking!

Enter CAPTAIN WING'EM, R.

Capt. [*Half aside.*] The horses are a long time preparing. Well, Jeremy, are they ready?

Jer. Not quite, sir.

Capt. I tell you, we must have them instantly.

Jer. That's impossible! They are but just spitted.

Capt. Spitted! What does the blockhead mean?

Jer. They hav'nt been long at the fire.

Capt. Are you mad? The horses at the fire!

Jer. No, sir, the partridges! They are hardly warm through.

Capt. Sirrah, you deserve to be run through! Away; and prepare to depart instantly. [*Exit, R.*

Jer. Now for our intriguing expedition. Let me see: my first step must be a reconciliation with Flora: her easy access to the pantry was so convenient! Then old Corkscrew, the butler, is my particular friend; and Sir Timothy's Madeira is London particular. It was never my plan to make love with an empty stomach.

AIR.—JEREMY.

(TUNE.—“*Here's to the Maiden.*”)

Frolicsome Cupid, a sly little lad,
Laughs at your lovers so sickly;
Makes me look rosy, when others look sad,
And gives me an appetite quickly!
If you're inclin'd,
To tell her your mind,
Don't speak to the lady before you have din'd.

Down on my knees to some beautiful fair,—
 Bless me, how charming you look, maid !
 While roasting a pheasant, or basting a hare,
 I think I could fancy the cook-maid !

Love is my plan,
 So I am the man,
 But then it must be for a sop in the pan !

O the delight of a delicate haunch !
 Your turkeys and geese, I adore 'em !
 Each tun-bellied justice, so proud of his paunch,
 I'll rival, and beat the whole Quorum !

But I must start
 To the girl of my heart ;
 I neither with her, nor my dinner, can part !
[Exit Jeremy, L.]

SCENE II.—*A Library in Sir Timothy Testy's House.*

Enter FLORA.

Flo. Well ; to be crossed in love is a sad thing, after all ! I had just got into the most interesting part of "Love and Sentiment," when Sir Timothy called me.—Let me see. [*Takes a volume out of her pocket.*] Here's the place—[*The bell rings.*] Madam, Madam, I'm coming !—[*Reads.*] "It is impossible to express the astonishment of the fair Celestina"—[*Bell rings again.*] Yes, Madam ! "when having, with a trembling hand, opened Sir Charles's letter,"—

Enter MRS. DUNSTABLE, R.

Mrs. D. So !—I may ring and ring again for you :—Hey-day ! busy at your morning's devotions'—[*Snatches the book away.*] "Love and Sentiment !" Upon my word ; so you are learning to make fine speeches ! You would be a great lady, with your pearls and your tissues ! why don't you read some good book, "Religious Courtship,"—and "The Whole Duty of Man ?"—

[Throws the book on the floor.]

Flo. I hate "Religious Courtship ;"—"Bridget Bluemantle" for my money !

Mrs. D. "Bridget Bluemantle !" O you profane young creature !

Flo. Pray, Mrs. Dunstable, did you ever read "The

Way to get Married?" It's a charming thing;—d'ye know, I've almost learnt it by heart.

Mrs. D. And more shame for you; I never learnt the way to get married.

Flo. Then there's "The Old Maid."

Mrs. D. [*Alarmed.*] Where?

Flo. [*Running to the library shelves.*] Why, on the shelf, to be sure;—and "The Wild Irishman," too; come, I'll put him in my pocket. [*Takes up the volume.*]

Mrs. D. Put "The Wild Irishman" in her pocket! What will the world come to!—Give me the book;—I'll take "The Wild Irishman" in hand, and make him turn over a new leaf;—there, there, and there.

[*Tears out the leaves, and throws them on the ground.*]

Enter DAVY DUMPLING, L.

Davy. Please your ladyship's honour, Doctor Fungus do send his dutiful respects, and hopes as how the cherry-bran—

Mrs. D. Davy Dumpling, you're a shocking savage!—The eye-water, you mean.

Davy. Rabbit it! but your ladyship's eye-water do make my mouth water most consumedly!

Mrs. D. Send my compliments to Doctor Fungus; and inform him, that his aromatic decoction has been so efficacious, that I can do very well without my glasses.

Davy. Noa, sure,—he! he! he!

Mrs. D. What does the gaby stand grinning at?

Davy. Why, to think as how your ladyship can do without your glasses!—he! he!

[*Making a drinking motion with his hand, and exit, L.*]

Flo. Now, my dear, sweet, pretty Miss Dorothy, I've got a favour to ask.—Do let us go to the play this evening, to see "The Romp."

Mrs. D. Do you think I am out of my senses?—Go to the play! Go to your chamber, look in the glass, and you'll see the Romp without going to the play.

Flo. A precious life I lead, from one room to another; like a bird in a cage with two perches only, hopping up and down at your discretion.

Mrs. D. Hold your tongue, minikin. I am bound to watch over you, by my known virtue and prudence.

Flo. And I, by my unknown virtue and prudence, am able to watch over myself. People at your age ought to be prudent.

Mrs. D. At my age?—

Flo. Yes, for you're old enough to be my mother.

Mrs. D. Your mother, hussy?

Flo. No;—my grand-mother, I mean.

Mrs. D. Malicious creature! you shall repent your impertinence.

DUET.—FLORA and MRS. DUNSTABLE.

(TUNE.—“*I was the Boy for bewitching 'em.*”)

Mrs. D. Minikin!

Flo. Pert, Mrs. Dorothy,
What are the beauties you prize?

Mrs. D. Minx! you'd be happy to borrow the
Charms you pretend to despise!

Flo. Nature to you has been thrifty, Ma'am!

Mrs. D. Hussy, 'tis false, for the men
Say that I'm fair,—

Flo. Fat and fifty, Ma'am.

Mrs. D. Fifty!—

Flo. No, threescore and ten!

Mrs. D. Minikin!

Flo. Pert Mrs. Dorothy,
What are the beauties you prize?

Mrs. D. Minx! you'd be happy to borrow the
Charms you pretend to despise!

[*Exit Mrs. Dunstable, R.*]

Flo. Ill-natured old frump! As Sir Timothy is continually losing his temper, I think Mrs. Dunstable must have found it—[*A noise without.*] O here comes the cross old gentleman!

Enter SIR TIMOTHY TESTY and MARIA, L.

Sir T. Fire and fury, madam! Am I to be tormented with coxcombs prying round my house, with winkings, noddings, and whisperings among my servants! and with midnight incantations that might raise the Witch of Endor!

Mar. Servants will whisper, papa.

Flo. And musicians will play, your Worship.

Sir T. Play! and so will I; but it shall be the devil with 'em! I had scarcely set my foot in the place, before the bells were all set a-going, as if there had been a parish dinner, or a general insurrection; and, by way of a finishing stroke, some rascally scribbler announces our arrival

in the papers : a genteel hint for the whole town to come and stare us out of countenance.

Flo. That's because we are fashionable people, your worship.

Sir T. Fashionable ! fiddlestick ! Don't I hate fashion and notoriety, invitations, and congratulations ! 'There's that old torment—Lady Gadabout,——

Mar. Old ! Sir.

Sir T. I beg her venerable ladyship's pardon ; for, though upon the desperation of fifty-six, she has not yet arrived at her years of discretion !

Mar. What do you think of the Widow Night-shade ? She dances and sings well, plays upon the harp, and is a tolerable artist.

Sir T. A very tolerable artist ! for she paints to a miracle ! Plays upon the harp too ;—does'nt she play upon every body ?—But, Maria, I expect Sir Marmaduke Metaphor here to-day ; see that you give him a proper reception.

Mar. [*sullenly.*] Very well, sir.

Sir T. It is not very well, madam ; it's very ill.—What ! I suppose that intriguing spark, Captain Wing'em, keeps running in your head ; a rascal whom I have never been able to catch a glimpse of. I should long e're this have laid him by the heels, had he not, upon all occasions, taken to 'em so expeditiously.

Mar. The captain is a gentleman, sir.

Sir T. Aye, a military gentleman ; one who wears all his gold on the outside of his pockets ! But Sir Marmaduke is a warm man ; and, what is more, he is the man of my choice.

Mar. But not of mine, sir.

Sir T. Pshaw ! Does'nt a ready-made shoe often fit as well as a bespoke one ?

Mar. Then he's so old-fashion'd !—

Flo. So pedantic !—

Mar. So conceited !—

Flo. So ridiculous !—

Sir T. Zounds ! D'ye mean to stun me with his good qualities ? At your peril make a fool of him.

[*Exit Sir Timothy, L.*]

Flo. He will, no doubt, save us the trouble, by making one of himself.

Mar. You see, Flora, my father continues inexorable. What step should I take to avoid this odious marriage ?

Flo. A good many steps, Miss.—Run away.—Here we are, cooped up, like two distressed damsels in a romance, persecuted by a couple of—not *enchanters* indeed!—Sir Marmaduke Metaphor and his servant, Billy Bombast.

Mar. Nay, Flora, 'tis past a jest.

Flo. 'Tis enough to provoke one, to see the conceited knight approach you with à compliment in form, mood, and figure. Then that chattering play-actor, Billy Bombast.—“Good morning, Madam Flora!—permit me to salute your fair hand, Madam Flora!” Indeed, more than once, Madam Flora's fair hand longed to salute him!

Mar. Heigho!—That agreeable rake, Captain Wing'em!

Flo. Lackaday!—That bewitching rogue, Corporal Jeremy! Ah! if the truant were here, I should almost be inclined to forgive him.

AIR.—FLORA.

(TUNE.—“*When the hollow drum.*”)

When a happy pair, to cure the spleen,
Take a stolen trip to Gretna Green,
With a merry sound
The wheels run round,
And crack goes the whip so cheerily.
Hymen stands
To join their hands,
And they drive along so merrily!

Let the turnpike gates be open'd wide,
See, they approach! the bridegroom and bride—
Friends pursue,
What can they do,
Their horses lag so wearily?
Cupid sly
Stands quizzing by,
And laughs in his sleeve so merrily.

When a happy pair, to cure the spleen,
Take a stolen trip to Gretna Green,
With a merry sound
The wheels run round,
And crack goes the whip so checrily—
Hymen's bands
Soon join their hands,
And they drive away so merrily.

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE III.—*A Street in Bath.**Enter* CAPTAIN WING'EM, R.

Capt. Welcome, dear delightful Bath! thou scene of gaiety, fashion, and intrigue!—Now to open the campaign. Hah! who comes this way? 'Tis my whimsical acquaintance, Sir Marmaduke Metaphor, sporting his antiquated figure between two pretty women. Ha! ha! ha! He looks for all the world like the Fool of Fashion bound in old calf! How gracefully he takes his leave too: with a bow that might be reckoned fashionable in Queen Elizabeth's time.

Enter Sir MARMADUKE METAPHOR, L.

Sir M. Charming, delectable creatures!—Soh, Captain Wing'em—satirical puppy! [*Aside.*]

Capt. [*Aside.*] Pedantic coxcomb!

Sir M. [*Aside.*] Must rub off a little of my college rust, or he'll be quizzing me. Fine weather for recruiting, Captain! Delightful season for love, logic, and all that—eh?

Capt. Here's a transformation!—the pedant aping the beau!

Sir M. I suppose, Bob, you're at your old pranks again? You hav'nt come to Bath for nothing—maids, widows, wives—all fair game—poaching, captain, poaching.

Capt. You must know, Sir Marmaduke, that I'm about to take out a license to sport upon the manor of matrimony.

Sir M. Matrimony!—He! he! he!—With whom, may I make bold to inquire?

Capt. A divine creature! young and beautiful! formed with exquisite symmetry, and rising just above the middle size.

Sir M. Not a huge folio, but something between an octavo and a duodecimo.

Capt. Then, she has sparkling eyes, a fair complexion, dimpled cheeks, bewitching smiles, with such a blush!

Sir M. Egad, she's a charmer! and very much resembles the lady whom I am going to marry.

Capt. What! have you taken a trip to Bath upon a matrimonial expedition, too?

Sir M. Don't start so, Bob. Is it so very surprising that I should take a fancy to a lady?

Capt. No ; but it's very surprising that a lady should take a fancy to you.

Sir M. I suppose I'm not beau enough ? because, forsooth, I don't follow the fashions.

Capt. Yes, you do follow 'em ; but you're a dev'lish long way behind ! And do you really intend to be married in that coat ?

Sir M. Undoubtedly. You would'nt have me be married without one !

Capt. And how long may you have been in love ?

Sir M. Six weeks, and better ! I would'nt be without love for the world, it makes one so sweetly melancholy. I'm a lucky dog, Captain ; I'm a fortunate youth ! The preliminaries are settled, and we only want the *minister* to ratify the treaty.—

Capt. Of *peace*, I hope. Matrimony, you know, is famous for *squalls*..

Sir M. But not for *civil* wars—eh, captain ?

Capt. Perhaps, you will favour me with the fair lady's name ?

Sir M. Delicacy forbid ! Well, it won't be the first conquest that I've effected. There was the rich wine-merchant's daughter, of Portsoken Ward, would occasionally smirk at me ! and the dashing shoemaker's widow to boot, now and then levelled her sparklers at my physiognomy ! Courtship's a charming thing ! and so is matrimony ! Sir Steeple and the widow Glib for that !

AIR.—SIR MARMADUKE.

(TUNE.—“ ‘ *Heigho !* ’ says Rowley.”)

Sir Steeple he courted the queer Widow Glib—

Heigho ! Sir Steeple,—

He knew she was rich, and he wanted to crib
Her cash, so he offer'd to make her his rib,

With his teasing, pleasing,

Hoaxing and coaxing :

A comical beau was Sir Steeple.

Her purse it was long, though her person was short—

Heigho ! Sir Steeple—

And her beauty was none of the ravishing sort,

Yet the eye of his knightship her money-bags caught,—

Their mingling, jingling,
 Soon set a tingling
 The sensitive heart of Sir Steeple.

Now love, in return, the fair widow enthrals,
 And fondly she ogled Sir Steeple ;
 They gadded together to concerts and balls,
 Like the monument link'd to the dome of St. Paul's !
 With their perking, smirking,
 Winking and blinking,
 The fair Mrs. Glib and Sir Steeple.

They trotted to church, for their passion increas'd—
 The parson he whisper'd Sir Steeple—
 “Your wife's rather short.”—“You are right, master
 priest ;
 But, in choosing two evils, I've chosen the least !”
 With their roley poley,
 Coupled so drolly,
 Off march'd Widow Glib and Sir Steeple.

[*Bombast is heard singing without*—“O rare, Manager
 Strut !”]

Sir M. Here comes my amanuensis, Billy Bombast.
 The fellow was formerly a strolling player. I took him
 just in time to save his whole wardrobe from the pawn-
 broker's.

Enter BOMBAST, L.

Bomb. O my prophetic soul ! my uncle !

Sir M. You see, he's riding the high horse, as usual.

Bomb. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times.

Sir M. And a thousand to that, I'll be sworn. Billy
 Bombast, I say !

Bomb. Cousin of Buckingham, I greet ye !

Sir M. Don't cousin me, Billy, or I shall greet you with
 a cudgel.

Bomb. Cudgel thy brains !

Sir M. He's crazy. We must have his head shav'd.

Bomb. [*Sings.*] Four-and-twenty perriwigs all of a row !
 The truth is, sir, I have just met some old acquaintances,
 and I'm half mad with joy. There are Peregrine Truncheon,
 Jack Spangle, and the property-man, with the wardrobe,
 scenery, and machinery, all arriv'd together in a cart.

Sir M. My stars! the players in a cart!

Bomb. The manager is in a bitter taking. The sea has lost six of its waves, by the carelessness of a rogue of a chamberlain, who set it on fire; the dragon wants a wing and two claws; the drop-scene is ready to drop to pieces; and the waterfall, having sprung a leak, is likely to produce an overflowing house. They have still a mustard-bowl to make thunder, and the landlord of the Half Moon has promised 'em some aquavitæ for lightning.

Sir M. But the ladies, Billy,—the ladies.

Bomb. Bless their dear souls! they arrived safe; but not without some adventures. Mrs. Aurelia Angelica Truncheon, by the upsetting of the vehicle, dropped into the mire, while that interesting little personage, Master Alphonso Peregrine Truncheon, the young heir-apparent, partook of the disaster; my old favourite, Betty Ranter, travelling in the basket of the Opposition Fly, and fatigued by her exertions the preceding night, in the characters of Desdemona, Columbine, and Moll Flaggon, soon tumbled into the arms of Somnus, when, dreaming about Othello, she suddenly caught a fat Quaker round the neck, and exclaim'd—"Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee!"

Sir M. How fortunate! I intend, upon my wedding-night, to have a new tragedy of my own performed, for the entertainment of the company, and these players shall form part of the *Dramatis Personæ*. You, Billy, as first fiddle, must step forward with an elegant air, a bow, and a smirk—thus:—"Ladies and Gentlemen,—To-morrow evening will be performed a new tragedy: to which will be added the farce of 'Matrimony.'"

Bomb. Not a *musical* one!

Capt. The whole to conclude with the "Devil to Pay."

Bomb. I'll speak the prologue, the posey to the ring, dress'd in a full suit of sables,—for

"Without black velvet breeches—what is man?"

Then the advertisements! Last night, Mr. Bombast appeared in the character of Don Miraculo Mustachio, in Sir Marmaduke Metaphor's new tragedy, called "The Amiable Assassin:"—his awfully-grand-terrific-transcendant-sublime and superlative success, absolutely astonished and electrified the audience.

Capt. Bravo, Mr. Bombast! bravo! But, Sir Marmaduke, how do you begin this new tragedy of yours?

Sir M. I flatter myself the opening is fine!—The king

sitting in a thoughtful posture, with a dagger and a bowl before him.

Capt. Very solemn ! A dagger and a bowl of poison.

Sir M. No, of punch. I think the idea is original.

Capt. O, quite !

Sir M. The characters, terribly deep !

Capt. Make 'em miserable ?

Sir M. Yes ; I marry 'em !

Capt. I hope, Sir Marmaduke, this piece will be more successful than your last one. }

Sir M. Yet, what a tragedy it was ! Such distress ! The audience must have suffered a great deal ; how they groaned !

Bomb. [*Who, during the above conversation, has relapsed into reverie.*] The clock strikes one !—

Sir M. Does it ? Then I must away ;

Cupid calls, and I obey.

[*Exit, R.*

Bomb. Your honour won't forget the play.

Capt. Ha, ha, ha ! You're a wag, Mr. Bombast ; you're a wag.

Bomb. So was my father, Mr. Boniface Bombast, from whom I received the first rudiments of my education. He was in the auctioneering and pamphleteering line : a very eminent man in his way ; and equally celebrated for knocking down an article in a sale room, and knocking up one in a review. My first literary attempt was a flaming advertisement, to puff Doctor Von Drench'em's newly invented original and genuine anti-bilious pill, an infallible cure for all acute disorders. My next was a Satirical Poem ; very acute, I can assure you. I then composed the whole art and mystery of Blacking, or Every Man his own Polisher ; which turned out all Betty Martin : and, among fifty other things, I was the projector of a patent steam-boat, which unluckily blew up, scalded the passengers, and kept me in hot water for a month afterwards !

Capt. And what made you turn stroller ?

Bomb. Taste, sir ; taste. Mr. Boniface used to prophecy that theatricals would be my ruin ; so he bound me apprentice to one Shark, an attorney, to save me from going to the devil !

Capt. I should have thought it had been the readiest way of sending you there !

Bomb. I was now condemned to study John Doe and Richard Roe, instead of King John and King Richard the Third ;—what a task for a person of my aspiring abilities !

For I had heard of Shakspeare, and I long'd
To play upon the stage some tragic part ;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire deny'd !

I became acquainted with Mr. Peregrine Truncheon.

Capt. And what came out of this new acquaintance ?

Bomb. I came out, sir.—He flattered my talents and offered me an engagement. Lawyer Shark stormed,—I ranted. “ Copy that brief,” said he : “ Brief let me be,” said I. So I gave the little attorney leg-bail, and left his six pair of stairs’ chambers in the Temple, to become a candidate for theatrical honours in the temple of Thespis ! where I made some noise.

Capt. I dare say you did !

Bomb. Had you but seen my debut ; when I cleaved the general ear with horrid speech, the audience gave me such a peal !

Capt. Orange peel, I suppose ;—but where are your companions ?

Bomb. At the Pig and Whistle ! I hope, Captain, we shall have the honour of your patronage.

Capt. Most certainly ; you must, however, excuse me for the present. Adieu, Mr Bombast, I hope you’ll have a good house. [*Exit, R.*

Bomb. Captain, your servant. Thus far we run before the wind ! Egad, it will be necessary to raise it too, for the company are heinously unprovided for.—What a thing it is to be a man of importance ! To stand betwixt murder and merriment, like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy ! I’ve promised the churchwardens to be funny at the parish dinner,—must’nt miss that for the world ; ’tis the epitome of good living, and of good manners !

SONG.—*The Parish Dinner.*

Your city folk, with pun and joke, may boast their feasts a
Guildhall,
Where once a year, with dainty cheer, the epicures are
fill’d all ;
But I maintain, tho’ plenty reign, to feast each hungry
sinner,
For fare and fun, you’ll ten to one prefer a parish dinner ;
Where, cheek by jowl, each jovial soul, with double chin
you mark,
From honest Parson Humblebee, to Snufflebags the clerk !

[*Spoken.*] “ I say, vaitor ! hand down that calve’s head from the top of the table. Vaitor ! don’t ye hear ? The churchwarden wants a *tête-à-tête* with the calve’s head ! Mr. Dismal, permit me to pass you a merry-thought.—Here’s a skipjack for the dancing-master, and a bishop’s nose for the clerk.—Here, Tom ! Dick ! Harry ! Will nobody run for a plate ? ” — “ My horse shall, if you please ! he ran for one at the St. Ledger. ” — “ And carried off the stakes — Eh ! ” — “ Hollow ! ” — “ Then he won’t do for me, for I’m devilish sharp set. ” — “ Ha, ha, ha ! a wery good joke, Mr. Quibble ; but is that ’are your own ? ” — “ No sir, it’s a wig ! ” — “ Good again. Well, it’s all fair. ” — “ Aye, and fowl too, at a Parish Dinner ! ”

See vermicellies, pies and jellies, partridges and custard,
Widgeons, pigeons, ham, and lamb, in sweet confusion
muster’d !

Churchwarden Pinch, who’ll never flinch, what gorman-
dizing work he
Kicks up among the chine and tongue, the turtle-soup and
turkey !
Such dainty things, as legs and wings, to epicures are
grateful,
Of ev’ry dish, from fowl to fish, the lawyer’s had a plate-
full—
While Simon Sneer, the overseer, plays loyally his part,
And now he swallows turtle-soup, and now an apple-tart !

[*Spoken.*] “ I wish, sir, you would’nt spill no more parsley and butter into my coat pocket ! It’s very ungentlemanly of any gentleman to stick needles into another gentleman’s wig ! ” — “ Pardon me, Mr. Pestle, you remember the old song, ‘ True as the needle to the Pole. ’ ” — “ Come, come, Mr. Bacon, none of your gammon. If you come for to go for to *prac-tise* any of your practical jokes upon my friend, Mr. Pestle, who is a medical practitioner in full practice, I shall try the rule of three upon your knowledge-box, with a—witness my hand ! ” — “ Pray, Mr. Floor’em, may I propound a question ? — Hav’nt you been to school ? ” — “ Does a duck swim ? ” — “ And what might you study ? ” — “ Knox’s (Knocks’s) Essays ! Will you have a taste ? ” — “ Silence ! Silence ! ”

Such jamming, cramming, rhyming, chiming, smoking,
joking, jollity—

The lawyer grave chaunts forth a stave, the parson's all
frivolity!

Now, clear the forks and draw the corks—huzza! the pa-
rish pays for't,

Altho' the poor, we're pretty sure, will fast their forty days
for't!

Cries Tommy Stich—"the vine is sich, so pleasant, soft
and mellow,

So, Sammy Screw, I'll drink to you, for you're an honest
fellow!"

"Good Billy Bray! your song, or say!"—"Excuse me,
Muster Chairman!"

"Vy, Freddy Friz, you're sich a quiz,—you'd make a pa-
son swear, man!"

[*Spoken.*] "I never speechify'd in all my born days,
except at our last westry, for the election of a turncock,
and then I got quizzed." "Billy," said the barber, "when-
ever you opens your mouth, you're sure to put your foot in
it!"—"Gentlemen," says I, "I hold this here argument to
be good."—"Hold that there tongue of yours!" says ano-
ther, "and then it will be better!"—"Mr. Squintum, will
you favour us with a song?" [*lisps*] "Sir, I never sings, I
only recites select speeches out of Millstone, Shikspur, and
Wenus Preserved; there's Mr. Brisket, of Carnaby Mar-
ket:"—"Come, Mr. B. give us a touch of Hamlet."—"Vill-
ingly: "My tablets—*meat*, it is, I set it down!"—"I'm
sure Mr. Snuffle has got a singing face; do, Mr. Snuffle,
strike up a Volunteer."—"My woice is only among the
middlings, Mr. Pwesident, but, if so be as how the com-
pany is agweeable, I'll make it a pint."—"It will be more
so if you make it a bottle."—"Order! order! where's
the chair?"—"Under the table!"—"What! is Mr. Snip
sewed up at last? ha! ha! ha!"

For rig and gig, and fun and pun, to make dull care a
grinner,

Of every feast, from west to east, give me a parish din-
ner!

[*Exit, L.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Tavern.*

BOMBAST, 'TRUNCHEON, and SPANGLE, *sitting at a table; bottles and glasses before them.*

TRIO.

Go search thro' the world, you'll find nothing that's drol-
ler ;

Of all the gay lives is the life of a stroller !

'The fam'd Billy Shakspeare was surely to us kin,

For he was a lad of the Sock and the Buskin !

Then drink to the sons of good humour and whim ;

Care is a mumper,

So each fill a bumper ;

A bumper, my hearties, quite up to the brim !

Bomb. Ha ! ha ! ha ! how merrily we live ! Jack Spangle, give us a toast.

Spang. I must rosin first. [*Drinks and fills again.*] Here's the stage that goes without wheels ; and may it never want inside passengers !

Bomb. Well said, my old Lad o'the Castle !—But now, gentlemen, we'll to business. Sir Marmaduke Metaphor has appointed me acting manager during the representation of his tragedy to-morrow evening. You, Mr. Truncheon, are to perform the part of a staff-officer.

Trunch. A sort of constable, I suppose.

Bomb. Pshaw ! Thou wert not wont to be so dull, good Tyrrel. No ; a military officer, a noble grand—one General Hoscophoscorhinoribidi.

Span. And who am I to be ?

Bomb. You, Jack, are to personate what the Romans call a Flamen.

Span. And make a flaming speech ; eh ! Mr. Bombast ?

Bomb. But come, Brother Truncheon, give us a spice of your quality. Speak the speech,—attitudinize. [*Truncheon throws himself into a ridiculous posture.*] My dear fellow, don't moralize with your hands in your breeches pockets : 'tis a custom more honour'd in the breach than the observance.

Trunch. Will that do ? [*Assuming a different attitude.*

Bomb. Too much in the tea-pot style. Never pour out your soul in that position ; nor swing your arms and legs,

like the sails of a windmill. Suit the action to the word. Very well. Now fire away, General !

Trunch. [repeating.] *Ah ! what is man ?*

A pancake toss'd in Fortune's frying-pan.

Bomb. A little more fire to frying-pan.

Trunch. *A pancake toss'd in fortune's frying-pan !*

[with energy.]

A target meant for sport ;—his heart the bull's eye.

Bomb. There you've hit it !

Trunch. *A patch-work piece.*

Bomb. [*Truncheon pulls out his handkerchief.*] Patch-work, indeed !

Trunch. *All pride and linsey woolsey !*

Bomb. Excellent well ! You'll soon be perfect ; but hark ye, gentlemen, not a word about the new tragedy. Sir Marmaduke intends to give his father-in-law, Sir Timothy, an agreeable surprise. Let me see : when shall we three meet again ? To-night at six ;—and to-morrow we'll e'en to't, like French falconers.

Trunch. Agreed—

Courage, my friends ! Come, Billy, boy ! come, Jack ! At least we'll die with harness on our back !

[*Exeunt Truncheon and Spangle, R.*]

Bomb. That's more than I'll undertake to answer for ! folks may complain of our loose habits, but if mine are not tight enough, there's no bracing in buttons ! What an exquisite fit ? Yet Flora says that I'm a gentleman of the last edition, and that I write verses, like my master, for my own amusement, and nobody else's ! Ah ! she hasn't half the taste of my old flame, Miss Barbara Bluffenwig, the comical spinster of Leighton Buzzard !

AIR.—BOMBAST.

(TUNE—"A master I have.")

The lass that I courted was formal and shy,

Harum, scarum, jig :

The lass that I lov'd, as a quaker was sly,

Harum scarum, jig :

The lass that I lov'd had a cast in her eye,

I swore she was pretty, but could'nt tell why,

With my sighing, dying,

Crocodile crying.

Ranting, tearing,

Swaggering, swearing,

Harum, scarum, jig.

So sweetly she sung, that she rival'd the lark :

Harum, scarum, jig :

So sweetly she sung like an owl in the dark :

Harum, scarum, jig :

So sweetly she sung, that she kindled the spark

Of love in the breast of an old parish-clerk,

With her quivering, quaking,

Shivering, shaking,

Tuning, quavering,

Swooning, wavering,

Harum, scarum, jig !

Her form it was slim, and her figure was tight,

Harum, scarum, jig !

Her pretty turn'd ankle, it ravish'd me quite,

Harum, scarum, jig !

She'd caper and frisk it from morning till night,

Tho' her left leg was shorter by far than her right ;

With her rumbling, tumbling,

Galloping, grumbling ;

O such a dancer !

Gemini, Cancer,

Harum, scarum, jig !

[Exit, L.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Sir Timothy Testy's House.*

Enter MARIA and CAPTAIN WING'EM, R.

Mar. You surprise me ! Mrs. Dunstable a party in our plot !

Capt. Yes, captivated by the martial dress and address of Corporal Jeremy, she has consented to forward our plans, provided the aforesaid Corporal Jeremy, bachelor, do take the said Dorothy Dunstable, spinster, to be his wedded wife.

Mar. His wife ! O monstrous !—And does the old woman absolutely intend to run away ?

Capt. Run, she cannot ; hobble, she will !—but we must be on the alert. A post-chaise will be at the garden gate at dusk this evening, with four of the prettiest bloods —

Mar. And do you really expect me to gallop off with them ?

Capt. Certainly not. You are merely to take your seat in the chaise, and let them gallop off with you.

Mar. And what will the town—the newspapers—say of us?

Capt. The Sun may, probably, cast some reflections; and the *'Times'* exclaim “O Tempora, O Mores!” but Bell’s Messenger will pardon the Belle’s Stratagem; and the Weekly Dispatch will give us credit for ours, depend upon’t.

Mar. We shall make a charming subject for a paragraph!

Capt. Admirable! “Yesterday, eloped with Captain W——, the lovely and all-accomplished Miss Maria T——. The happy couple immediately set off for Scotland, where they intend to pass the honey-moon, the Captain having a romantic castle beautifully situated on the banks of the Ayr.”

Mar. In the air! ha! ha! ha! You military gentlemen are famous for building castles in that quarter.

Enter FLORA, L. in haste.

Flo. Now, miss, now is the time, to play off our scheme upon Sir Marmaduke. Your father has sent him to try his fortune with you himself: his countenance is of prodigious length, and portends a set speech and a laboured compliment.

Mar. I shall never have courage to perform my part!

Flo. Never fear: I’ll prompt you.—Captain, please to step into the next room,—we shall have rare sport! [*Capt. Wing’em goes into an adjoining room at the back of the stage, which opens with folding doors.*] Here comes our Demosthenes.

Enter SIR MARMADUKE METAPHOR, cautiously. MARIA and FLORA retire up the Stage, and continue conversing, pretending not to see him, L.

Sir M. Sir Timothy told me not to be too precipitate. Fair and softly, she’s a divine creature!

Mar. I think, Flora, I must obey my father, and marry Sir Marmaduke.

Sir M. So: she begins to mollify.

Mar. He’s a ridiculous object, to be sure!

Sir M. That’s not quite so civil.

Flo. Therefore, Miss, the fittest person in the world to be made a tool of.

Sir M. Thank'e, Flora ! Egad, the devil wants no abler deputy than a waiting maid.

Mar. [*Turning round*] As I live, here is the very gentleman himself ! Sir Knight, I'm yours.

Sir M. Not yet, thank heaven !

Mar. I suppose you have come to break your mind to me.

Sir M. Break my head, if I do ! Any other time, madam, will do as well.

Mar. Where's your gallantry, sir ? There is no time like the present.

Sir M. She's vastly importunate !

Mar. Speak : I'm all attention.

Sir M. She's determined to come to the point. To be sure, miss, I might have come with some such intention ; but——

Mar. No long speeches, I beg. The matter is soon settled : for my wishes are extremely moderate, though there are certain indispensables ; such as pearls, diamonds, new plate once a year, a fine equipage, two sets of horses, my coach, curricule, vis-a-vis, &c. which one cannot do without !

Sir M. A glorious inventory !

Flo. Then, sir, my lady must have a fine house, and furniture fit for a duchess. If she loses five hundred guineas at play, you must not lose your temper ; but, to please her, you must cut down your timber, demolish your old house, banish all your acquaintance, and burn your manuscripts.

Sir M. Burn my manuscripts !

Mar. In a word, you must supply my wants and bear with my ill humours. I will see whom I please, go where I please, spend what I please, and stay abroad when I please !

Flo. You forget, miss, the opera box, with an engagement to Signora Squalini. You must know, Sir Marmaduke, that I've a great *penchant* for music myself,—the *piano*, the *soprano*, the *falsetto*. I'll hum you a tune.

Sir M. I think they are humming me all the time. Confound her *sopranos* !

AIR.—FLORA.

Sir Knight, when he a wooing came, stood staring like a statue—

He whin'd, he pin'd, so droll, poor soul ! and look'd quite stupid at you.

The maiden sigh'd, the knight he cry'd—to love I will provoke her—

Will you marry me, my dear Alley Croaker ?

Sir M. Hang Alley Croaker.

Mar. For shame, Sir Marmaduke.

Sir M. I say hang Alley Croaker, and Signora Squalini, very particularly.

Flo. Ha ! ha ! ha ! you're quite in a pleasant humour. Shall I give you a merry air ?

Sir M. You give yourself too many, madam !

Mar. Pray, Sir Marmaduke, did you ever dance ?

Sir M. Dance, madam ! I never danc'd in all my life ;—and, what is more, I never intend to dance.

Mar. You must positively be initiated in the graces. I should abominate a husband that could'nt dance. Shall we waltz, reel, jig, minuet ? Come, sir, chuse your figure.

Sir M. I don't know what you mean by figure. Me thinks, I cut a very queer one myself !—but if I dance—that is to say—if I dance, ladies, may I be——

Flo. Hush, sir, no vows. A gentleman without his pumps looks as awkward as a lawyer without his wig, or an apothecary without his cane. Dance you must. Head up, hands down, toes out, right foot first—*pousset*.

Sir M. What's pussy ?

Mar. Very well. Now, lead off.

TRIO.—SIR MARMADUKE, FLORA, and MARIA.

Mar. Will you dance to the tune of Sir Simon the King ?

Sir M. Pooh, I can't, ma'am !
Zounds, I shan't ma'am !

Flo. A waltz, cotillion, or highland fling,
A minuet, jig, or fandango ?

Sir M. Jigs I detest—d'ye think I'm an ape,
To kick up my heels to the fiddle's vile scrape ?

Mar. See, I declare,
What a grace, what an air !

Flo. A Vestris in skill, an Adonis in shape !

Sir M. Well, if I must, egad, here goes :

Right foot tapering,
Left foot capering,

I shall charm all the belles, and astonish the beaux,
When I dance a jig or fandango !

Mar. } Hold up your head, sir, and turn out your toes,
Flo. } When you dance a jig or fandango.

[*During the above trio, which is to the tune of a waltz, Maria and Flora teach Sir Marmaduke to dance; after which they join in a reel with great spirit, Sir Marmaduke dancing until quite exhausted.*]

Sir M. Mercy, ladies, or I'm a dead man.

Mar. Well done, Sir Marmaduke! you'll be quite a proficient in time; why, you seem surprised at my condescension.

Sir M. Surprised!—I'm rapt,—astonished,—astounded,—I'm absolutely electrified! I hardly know whether I stand on my head or my heels.

Mar. And now I hope we understand each other?

Sir M. O, perfectly.

Mar. The old catalogue of sighs, tears, fond looks, &c. &c. that generally precede the marriage ceremony, like a dull prologue to a play, we may as well dispense with.

Sir M. Suppose, Miss Maria, we dispense with the ceremony altogether.

Mar. Amazement! Am I awake!

Sir M. Yes, miss, and so am I, to your whims and your vagaries, your reels and your fandangos. And you, Madam Pert, with your opera box and Signora Squalini; why, the revenues of the Grand Seigneur, the Great Mogul, or the Cham of Tartary, would hardly be sufficient to support such extravagance!

Flo. I don't know what you may call extravagance, sir.

Sir M. Then I'll tell you, minx! five hundred guineas lost at cards.

Flo. Would you have my lady play at two-penny whist?

Sir M. Aye, and Pope Joan.

Mar. Or beggar my neighbour, perhaps.

Sir M. Beggar your neighbour, if you please, madam, but don't think to beggar me. Adieu, Miss Maria. You won't catch me again at right foot tapering—left foot capering! Good bye, Signora Squalini, with your waltzes and caterwaulings! Damn caterwauling, aye, and pussy into the bargain!

[*Exit Sir Marmaduke, L.*]

Flo. Ha! ha! ha! the poor knight is nearly frightened out of his wits; we have fairly got rid of him; now to set our prisoner free. [*Taps at the room-door.*] Noble Captain, come forth!

Enter CAPTAIN WING'EM from the room.

Capt. You play'd your parts admirably; but, my dear Maria, let us instantly take advantage of this happy opportunity. [*A loud noise without.*]

Mur. Surely that was my father's voice?—He comes this way! What's to be done?

Flo. Suppose, captain, you try the window:

[*The voices approach nearer.*]

Cupid will lend you wings!

Capt. I wish he'd lend me an extra pair of legs! I'll run all chances, and step back to my old quarters.

[*Capt. Wing'em goes into the room.*]

Enter SIR TIMOTHY, dragging in JEREMY, disguised, L.

Sir Tim. As I am a knight and one of the quorum, tell me, fellow, how you came to be skulking in my house?

Jer. Skulking in your house, sir!

Sir Tim. Don't repeat my words, sirrah:—Let me take your *dispositions*:—Your name, villain!

Jer. Toby Tripeface, your honour.

Sir Tim. Were you born in wedlock, Toby?

Jer. Noa, your worship; at Yackum, in Yorkshire.

Sir Tim. And who are your parents?

Jer. He! he! he! why my feyther and mother, your excellency!

Sir Tim. Humph! and what is your profession?

Jer. I be a conjuror. I tells fortins; and finds things that be lost.

Sir Tim. And things that are not lost, I dare say! You are then a sort of necromancer?

Jer. No: not a negro man, sir.

Sir Tim. And what the plague brings you here?

Jer. Plague, sure enough! Why, love for that young woman, your worship, [*pointing to Flora.*] We've a sort of sneaking kindness for one another.

Sir Tim. Sneaking kindness! You've no business to be sneaking in my house, sirrah. Is this true, Mistress Iniquity?

Flo. I blush to own it, Sir Timothy!

Sir Tim. Blush! then it must be something very bad indeed!—however, Toby, to cool the effects of your passion, I'll desire my coachman to give you twenty good stripes!

[*Flora and Maria make motions to Captain Wing'em, who, during the above conversation, keeps peeping through the*

door in the flat ; he then comes forward ; Maria and Flora steal off, R.]

Capt. [*Tapping Sir Timothy on the shoulder.*] Sir Timothy, I claim the right of punishing that man myself, as a deserter from the company which I have the honour to command.

Sir Tim. A deserter ! Toby Tripeface ! eh ! villain !

Jer. Yes, sir, a deserter, and, like your worship, no conjurer ! [*Throwing open his great coat, under which appear his regimentals.*]

Sir Tim. And who are you, my young Mars ?—and how the deuce came you into my house ?

Capt. I watched the fellow hither, and am come to take him into custody. I'm Lieutenant Hector Thunderbolt, at your service !

Sir Tim. Pray, Lieutenant Hector Thunderbolt, do you know anything of one Captain Wing'em ?

Capt. The captain is a particular friend of mine : have you any thing to say against him ?

Sir T. Only that the intriguing rascal has more than once attempted to run away with my daughter.

Capt. I've heard Wing'em relate some of his pranks at your house.—When you were out at the window, he was in at the door ; and when you were in at the door, he was out at the window.—There are odds depending, that the captain runs away with your daughter in spite of you.

Sir T. Then he must be quick about it, for she's going to be married to morrow !

Capt. Nay, even more than that, Sir Timothy ; that he tricks you in your very presence, and bamboozles you to your face !

Sir T. But what must I be about, to let him ! No, no—tell your intriguing friend, that I'm perfectly well prepared for his reception, should he, or his facetious corporal, honor me with another visit : a loaded blunderbuss shall sound his welcome ; and for Master Jeremy, his bottleholder, a cat-o'-nine-tails shall do his business.

Jer. [*Aside.*] You see what we have to expect, sir.

Capt. The captain is a bold man.—Faint heart never won fair lady.—Don't be too positive, Sir Timothy.

Sir T. Zounds ! I'll be imperative ! for superlative must be his cunning if it gets the better of my sagacity. If he has wit enough to wed my daughter, in the name of ingenuity let him wear her ; and if he makes a dupe of me

at this time o'day, let him call me fool all my life afterwards!

Capt. Ha! ha! ha! I'll deliver your message, Sir Timothy.

Sir T. And you shall be umpire, Lieutenant, to say whether I've been fairly tricked!

Capt. Agreed! Ha! ha! ha!—Come, sirrah.

[*Exeunt Capt. W. and Jeremy, R.*]

Sir T. Make a fool of me to my face! Ha! ha! ha!—I should like to see the jockey that would dare to make a fool of a knight and an alderman!

AIR.—SIR TIMOTHY.

Fee, faw, fum! Orator mum!
All knotty points I decide well;
Tippling blocks I put in the stocks,
And rogues I hand over to Bridewell.

Great and small, gentlefolks all,
Own I'm with dignity big,
They stare, declare, and swear, O rare!
What wisdom must lie in my wig!

No pleader, no proctor, no lawyer, no doctor,
In country, court, college, or town:
No peer, or M.P., can look grander than me,
When I'm drest in my Alderman's gown.

Julap, cathartic, give people the heart-ache,
Wine it gives spirits and glee;
With turtle and ven'son to feast jolly friends on,
Old Nick may take physic for me! [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment.*

Enter BOMBAST.

Bomb. Glorious doings for the approaching marriage!—all bustle and business. The dinner, which has been a long time in preparation, will be speedily produced; it will, no doubt, go down extremely well,—become a popular entertainment, and, I hope, have a good run.—[*Flora crosses the stage, L.*] Ha! Flora! whither so fast?

Flo. Mr. Bombast, I'm in a great hurry.

Bomb. What, hey for the wedding! You must know

I've composed an Epithalamium myself, for the occasion : 'tis so tender, so soft !

Flo. No wonder ;—it comes from a soft place. [*pointing to his forehead.*]

Bomb. Then my Ode to Sleep : “Awake, O Muse !”—and my Sonnet to Winter, beginning with “Hail !”

Flo. A sonnet to winter should always begin with hail !

Bomb. I've been thinking what a charming Lucy you'd make for the Beggar's Opera.

Flo. Very likely ; for we should be beggars ourselves !

Bomb. How naturally we should play the Prison Scene together !

Flo. I'm afraid we should ; but here comes Mrs. Dunstable ; shew her your Odes.—You must, however, bawl pretty loud, before she'll hear a word you say.

[*Exit Flora, R.*]

Bomb. Bawl ! I'll thunder !

Enter MRS. DUNSTABLE, L. viewing herself in a pocket-glass.

Mrs. D. Methinks, I never look'd more enchanting than I do at this moment ! No wonder Jeremy was so much captivated with my appearance.

Bomb. See how the old lass keeps holding the mirror up to nature, or rather to ill-nature !—Now to astonish her with a stave of my own composing !

Bombast sings the following Air in the highest strain of affection, using the most extravagant gestures :

AIR.

(TUNE.—“*The Legacy.*”)

Charming Dorothy ! Dorothy Dunstable !

Tall as Juno, as Venus fair !

Love reigns here, High Bailiff and Constable

Major domo ; he takes the chair !

Blythe he looks, as ne'er to snarl he meant ;

Say but Aye, and he'll not say No !

Return, as member to Hymen's parliament,

Me, Love's candidate, bending low !

Charming Dorothy ! What can the matter be ?

How you stare ! D'ye think I'm a ghost ?

Where the deuce can her hearing, odd rat her ! be ?

Bless my soul ! she's as deaf as a post !

Pink of excellence ! Beauty's paragon !

Why do those cherry cheeks look so blue ?

My heart's ta'en flight ! it is like a cock sparrow, gone !

Hopp'd the twig, love ! and flown to you !

Mrs. D. What does the capering gentleman mean ?—Is he also struck with my figure ? [*aside.*] Where can Jeremy be all this time ?

Bomb. O, I'm a key too low ! I must speak a little louder. I'm sorry to find you are so deaf, Mrs. Dunstable. [*Speaks loud.*]

Mrs. D. Deaf !

Bomb. I wonder you don't carry a trumpet, madam, since the drum of your ear is so much out of repair !

[*Raises his voice still higher.*]

Mrs. D. I don't understand you !

Bomb. Poor woman, how very deaf she is ! Let me aggravate my voice. Mrs. Dorothy Dunstable, I say !

[*Bawls very loud in her ear.*]

Mrs. D. Bless my heart, man, d'ye mean to stun me ?

Bomb. I understand you are a great lover of the Muses, Mrs. D—— ; so sit down, if you please.

[*Places her in a chair.*]

Mrs. D. Sit down !

Bomb. No standing room !

Mrs. D. I'll raise the house !

Bomb. [*sings.*] "Pray Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue !"

Mrs. D. Help ! help !

Bomb. Nay, madam, if you're determined to alarm the neighbourhood, I'm off. Exit in a hurry, as *Swift* says.

[*Exit Bombast, L.*]

Mrs. D. What a Turk ! what a Saracen ! to insult one of the softer sex ! But where can that sweet youth, Jeremy, be roving ? Heigho ! Cupid reigns sole monarch of this susceptible bosom !

AIR.—MRS. DUNSTABLE.

O love ! dear deluder !

Thou charming intruder ;

Nigh perching,

Sly urchin,

Your arrow have sped,—

What soft palpitations !

Delightful sensations !

Pursue me,

Run thro' me,

And woo me

To wed !

Pity the once stable

Dorothy Dunstable !

Cringing and

Twinging,

She bows at your throne !

Tend her,

Defend her,

Gallant her,

Enchant her,

Nor taunt her,

But grant her

A spark of her own !

[Exit R.]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Sir Timothy Testy's House.*

Enter SIR TIMOTHY, L.

Sir T. Thieves ! Murder ! A trick ! I'm robbed, bit, bamboozled, and ruined ! I'll have every soul in the house hanged ! and old mother Dunstable whipped at the cart's tail ! the villians could never have carried off my daughter without her connivance.

Enter DAVY DUMPLING, (cautiously,) R.

Davy D. Hush ! your worship !—hush !—there's a plot—

Sir T. A plot, blockhead ! Don't I know there's a plot ? An't I the dupe of the plot ? Is'nt the plot blown to my utter shame and confusion ? Won't the plot call me fool all the days of my life after ?

Davy D. Then you won't be called fool many days ! You've not got long to live.—Hush !—You'll be assassinated !

Sir T. What ! are you trying it on, too ! Am I to be the butt of the whole house ?—Have a care, sirrah ; have a care—I'm in no humour to be trifled with.

Davy D. It's no trifle, your worship—you'll be murdered.—Hush ! and you shall hear all.—As I wur passing by the library just now, I seed Sir Marmaduke and Billy

Bombast, as it wur, in close confabulation—so thinks I to mysel—

Sir T. What the devil signifies what you thought? Don't keep me upon hot irons!—What did you hear?—What did you see?

Davy D. Sir Marmaduke talked about *dispatching* the old gentleman—

Sir T. What old gentleman?

Davy D. Why your worship, to a dead sartainty!—“Let's *smother* him,” says he—“No, no,” says Billy. “Sharp's the word—I'll *stick* him!” and he promised to *perform it to-morrow night*!

Sir T. Lord have mercy upon me!

Davy D. Billy said it would be so *natural*.

Sir T. Unnatural! the parricides!

Davy D. And that would *surprise* you a little.

Sir T. It has surprised me a great deal!

Davy D. “It will require some *execution*,” said Sir Marmaduke.

Sir T. Execution, indeed! I'm struck all of a heap!—What can be their motive? But no matter—there's not a moment to be lost. Run, Davy, and alarm the servants! Raise the house! Fetch the constable! [*Exit DAVY, R. Bombast enters (L.) in deep reverie, brandishing a dagger, and talking to himself.*] O Lord! here comes one of the villains, ready armed for the business!

[*Retires to the back of the scene.*]

Bomb. Parry, carte, tierce! I'll pink the old boy to a miracle!

Sir T. O the parry, carte, villain!

Bomb. Here's a *quietus*! [*Holding up the dagger.*] Hip! That's the time o'day. [*Making a plunge.*] Lie still, old Truepenny! [*Puts the dagger in his side pocket.*]

Sir T. I breathe again!

Bomb. There'll be a scene after the murder! Out, damned spot! Wheu!—Who'd have thought the old man had got so much blood in him?

Sir T. [*Rushing forward.*] Who would indeed, villain! Had you not raised it by your abominable, wicked plot? Keep off—Stand—In the king's name, I charge you to surrender!

Bomb. Hah! By the Lord, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; an excellent plot.

Sir T. Go on; I'm a magistrate—confess, and discharge your conscience.

Bomb. That's discharged already! I am myself but indifferent honest.

Sir T. I don't doubt it! You must away to prison, sirrah! Here, Ralph! Davy! Where the devil are you all? [*Davy and Servants enter with Sir Marmaduke, R.*] Secure this villain!

Davy. Here be t'other conspirator, your worship.

Sir M. Upon my word, this is vastly uncivil! What d'ye mean?

Sir T. What do *you* mean? Parry carte! Pink me to a miracle!

Sir M. I protest—

Sir T. So do I! Sharp's the word! We'll stick him!

Sir M. But, Sir Timothy—

Sir T. Hip! That's the time o'day! O the cruel, abominable assassins! Hold 'em fast! Off with 'em!

Bomb. Here's a gig!

[*The Servants and Sir Timothy carry off Sir Marmaduke and Bombast, L.*]

Enter JEREMY, R.

Jer. Ha! ha! ha! Sir Marmaduke Metaphor and Billy Bombast are fairly *taken up and taken in*! O Davy Dumpling, thou prince of dunderheads, how much is my master indebted to thy stupidity!

Enter FLORA, L.

Flo. What is the meaning of all this, Jeremy?

Jer. Why, Sir Marmaduke's *tragedy*!—I've no time to explain further; for here comes my intended.

Enter MRS. DUNSTABLE, R.

Mrs. D. [*Whispering Jeremy.*] Jeremy! I'm ready to start.

Jer. I must get rid of old iniquity, or she'll spoil all. O thou disgrace to ancient ladies! But she raves! See how her eyes glare!

Mrs. D. You vile seducer of unsuspecting innocence! But I see it all! Have I read Religious Courtship? Have I studied the Whole Duty of Man for this? [*Exit, R.*]

Enter SIR TIMOTHY and SIR MARMADUKE, L.

Sir T. Ha! ha! ha! An odd blunder, indeed! A comical tragedy! You must pardon me for laughing, Sir Marmaduke.

Sir M. All my tragedies have got a knack of making

people merry, while not a soul will laugh at any of my comedies. I wish, with all my heart, that Davy Dumpling had been at Davy Jones's Locker.

Sir T. Well, sirrah Toby Tripeface, and what have you to say for breaking into my house, and running away with my daughter?

Jer. I did neither, Sir Timothy. Mrs. Dorothy Dunstable let me into your house; and I let my master out, who ran away with your daughter himself. But here is a couple, who will no doubt make their own apology.

Enter CAPTAIN WING'EM and MARIA, L.

Sir T. Soh, good folks, you've tricked the old knight; you've bamboozled the alderman to his face, and, now, you're come to laugh at him. Hark ye, Captain Wing'em, you shall find me no enemy to a good joke, though I, myself, may chance to be the subject of it;—and Sir Marmaduke's tragedy has put us in such good humour, that, with every disposition to look angry, I can't muster up a face, for the life of me.—I am convinced you are a gentleman, since you bear his majesty's commission. I believe your regard for my daughter is disinterested, for you have hazarded the displeasure of her father, upon whom her fortune depends; and that you are a monstrous clever fellow, is beyond a doubt, or you wouldn't have proved too many for me. These recommendations have overcome my scruples; I therefore desire that the wedding-dinner may be celebrated at my house: and if our good friend, Sir Marmaduke, will honour us with his presence——

Sir M. With all my heart! Since I'm not to be the *subject* of an Epithalamium, egad, I'll be the *author* of one! I'll invoke the muse. Descend, ye nine!—

Enter BOMBAST, R.

Bomb. Blush, blush, thou sun! Start back, thou rapid ocean,

And into chaos pulverise the world!

For Billy Bombast has receiv'd a blow!

And Davy and Sir Timothy shall die!

Sir T. Mr. Bombast, I beg ten thousand pardons for this ludicrous mistake.

Bomb. Ha, ha, ha! Poison in jest, Sir Timothy! No offence in the world. But the new tragedy?

Sir T. It shall be performed, Mr. Bombast; you shall pink the old boy to a miracle!

Bomb. Shall I, Sir Timothy?—Then, ladies and gentlemen, may we request the honour of your company to-morrow evening? [*To the audience.*]

FINALE.

Flo. Our author lean, behind the scene,
To you entrusts his cause;
O glad his heart before we part,
And greet him with applause.

Bomb. And, may he find his laughing plan
Has pleas'd our gen'rous friends well;
Each critic the Good-natur'd man,
Why then, "All's well that ends well."

THE END.

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